



For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath: Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with laxity; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having something weighing upon the head; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weakness and dizziness; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend a diseased liver, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the liver to have been extensively diseased.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Travelling or Living in Unhealthy Localities. By taking a dose occasionally to keep the liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Distress, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whenever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, it never fails to operate, and never does out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after-effects.

A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL, Secretary of the State of Ala.
Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial."

"The only thing that never fails to relieve."
I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything so beneficial as the Simmons' Liver Regulator. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would not fail to give it to any one who is similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JANNY, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dr. T. W. Mason says: "From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine."

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. R. SIMMONS & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HOME.

Oh! what is home? That sweet companionship of life that the heart craves for.

The happy smile of welcome on the lip, Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands, The long-remembered tone,

The ready sympathy which understands All feeling by its own tone.

The rosy cheeks of little children pressed To ours in loving fondle.

The presence of our dearest and our best, No matter where we be.

And, falling this, a prince may homeless live, Though palace walls are high;

And, having it, a desert shore may give The joy which can not buy.

Far-reaching as the earth's remotest span, Widspread as the ocean foam,

One thought is sacred in the breast of man— It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind With destinies above;

For there the home of his immortal mind Is in God's wider love.

THE HEYWARDS.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Polly, I want a talk with you."

"Yes, Jack. Kate and I have been all over the grounds, but I'm ready to go all over them again if you talk and smoke better while you're strolling."

"Come along then," he said, taking her hand into his arm, and leading her off to the long walk under the high wall that divided the kitchen from the flower garden. Then as they promenade there in sight of the others, but quite out of their hearing, he began about the matter that was nearest to his heart, to the woman whom he intuitively felt would be his best friend, his truest, frankest adviser, whatever happened.

"I suppose my mother and the girls will have been posting you up in the family grievance, Polly?" he began, half shyly, half complacently; and Polly ignored the accent of complaint, and won him out of his shy mood by replying:

"Yes; they have been telling me that you know of marrying. And, dear Jack, you know that my first thought is that I hope she'll make you as happy as Stephen is, and that you'll make her as happy as Stephen makes me."

Jack heaved a sigh, a deep-drawn breath of relief, and pressed his sister-in-law's hand gratefully as she spoke. Here was rest and a reprieve from fault-finding advice and high-minded displeasure at his evil courses during these latter days. Jack's normal gravity of heart came back to him as Polly meted out her kindly sympathy. He felt that if Jessie Walters, his beautiful blooming Jessie, did not concur with him in thinking this sister-in-law of his a very pearl among women, then must Jessie be lacking in the power of womanly appreciation indeed.

"You know they're all against it. My mother won't even see her; and of course I can't ask the girls to fly in mother's face by being kind to her, and trying to find out what is in her; so I can't talk to them, you know. I can only tell them that I mean to marry Jessie, in a short kind of way that makes them think I'm sulky."

"You're not that, I'm sure, and I'm equally sure your sisters love you too well to mistake you; but you are right not to ask them to please you and themselves (because they actually wish to please you) at the cost of distressing our dear mother, until you have quite made up your mind."

"My dear Polly, nothing can make me retract the word I have given. I am bound in honor to marry Jessie Walters, and I should be a scoundrel for going back from that word. She's as good and beautiful as a woman can be, and not a bit designing or anxious to better herself by marrying. She loves me, Polly, otherwise she wouldn't put up with the position of being neglected by my family. If she had been scheming or anything but the dear brave girl she is, she might have married Leader and got out of it all long ago."

"Leader was the curate here, wasn't he?" Polly asked.

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NO. 2.

"Yes, Farnival's curate."

"Ah! the usual curate's salary of one hundred a year, I suppose?"

"Something about that figure."

"My dear Jack, then I don't think you can hold her up as a model of disinterestedness for refusing him."

"He's got a capital living now, and is one of the best fellows in the world," Jack said, magnanimously trying to make the very best he could of his rejected rival.

"Indeed! Now then I think you are justified in vaunting her disinterestedness. If she refused a good living as well as a good man, then she is not mercenary."

Jack kept silence. It would have been a superhuman effort for any man to make at that moment, to confess that the living had been presented to Mr. Leader since Miss Walters' refusal of him—on the occasion, indeed, of that very gentleman's marriage with the daughter of the patron.

"No, she is not mercenary," he said, after a few moments; "and she's just as full of right feeling about how things ought to be, and how she ought to be treated, as if she belonged already to our class. It's awfully hard on her, poor girl! to be down in the village in that place at the school, with every one knowing how things are with us, and every one treating her as if they felt sure I meant to be a blackguard and throw her over."

"You mustn't be a blackguard, Jack."

"Please God, I never will be."

"But it's for life, remember, and her ways can't be as your ways, and the mother of your children ought to be a gentleman."

"You'll treat her as both—my wife and a gentleman, Polly—I'm sure of that."

"My dear brother," Polly said, half sobbing, altogether broken down by the pathos of this appeal, "if she's worthy of such a heart as yours, she deserves to be treated like a queen."

"Won't you?" Kate whispered to her sister-in-law by-and-by, when the latter rejoined them.

"Won't over to the extent of believing firmly that Jack is acting as he ought to act, now that it has come to this pass that he has promised to marry this Miss Walters," Polly rejoined.

"There, Polly, you're in the heart of the difficulty already. You're hampered by it, you're stultified by it in spite of all your efforts to move freely and easily. You love Jack because he's Stephen's brother, and when you love you long to act grandly and for the good of the loved one; but for the life of you can't make up your mind to speak of the woman Jack wants to marry as the young lady. Now, isn't it the case?"

Polly laughed herself out of the difficulty bewitchingly.

"My dear Kate, I shall call her Miss Walters, and speak of her as Miss Walters, until Jack makes her his wife, and she will be Jessie to us all."

"Then you are clapping him on the back and urging him on," Kate said in a half-offended tone.

"That I am not doing. I am free from the charge of having aided and abetted the folly, for a folly I feel it to be; but Jack is serious, Kate, and his character must deteriorate considerably if he can be brought to break a promise that he regards as so very binding and serious as this one which he has made to her. We can't avert the evil, if it is one; let us try and turn it into a good by making her one of us as soon as we can. She has no relations, no friends, no interests saving those she has centered in Jack; like the lord of Burleigh's wife, she may 'grow a noble lady' if she is well received and wisely treated from the first."

"You're not Jack's own sister or you wouldn't plead so warmly for his meanness," Kate said, pointing, and then she added that "Polly would find that Stephen stood out for the honor of the house much more determinately than she (Polly) did."

"The honor of the house won't be injured by Jack's marrying her," Mrs. Stephen said warmly; "the social status of the family may suffer a trifle, but its honor will be all right if Jack makes her his wife. If he fooled her and left her lamenting, you might quake for the honor of the Heywards, but as it is, the dear King Cophetua he honors himself the more by honoring her so highly."

"Oh, Polly! oh, Polly! You should have been the squire's wife, and have reigned at the Manor House," Kate said with half-laughing regretfulness. "We should have turned out readily enough for you. But you brightenied those to take the younger brother, and left Jack to fall a prey to a woman who won't have the good taste to do an honor unto which she was not born. I foresee years of health and strength and bounteous prosperity for Mrs. Heyward, one Walters, and though she'll make every one of us smart, she will be held up in time as an example and a shining light."

"She has such beauty, according to Jack, that she must have other good qualities," Polly said, light-heartedly, and the two sisters-in-law prowled about among the flower-beds, and discussed late flowering annuals and the "possibilities" that were in this unknown but imminent choice of Jack's.

"So you have made up your mind that it's better to go with Jack than to go against him in this matter?" Stephen Heyward said to his wife that night.

"Jack is his own master dear Stephen; that consideration weighed with me in the first place, before I had talked the matter over with him; but now I have talked with him, and I do find he has so well weighed everything himself, and he loves her, and she'll rise to his rank—and, Stephen, we won't be the ones to put stumbling-blocks in our brother's path. Let us pet and praise the mother for all her motherly fears, and scruples, and doubts, and get her out of the way, pleasantly for herself, till her new daughter-in-law has approved herself worthy of the honor of entertaining

mother here. And that Jessie Walters will do soon, Stephen, for Jack's such a good fellow that he can only have given his love and trust to a good girl. And there shall be no family squabbles among us Heywards, dear. And—you'll help me to get mother to take a kindly view of the girl who is to share Jack's life?"

"I'll do anything you wish, Polly."

Stephen said, regarding her with perplexed admiration. "But these pretty, low women are firebrands very often, when they're waved aloft; and I shouldn't like mother to say by-and-by that we have aided in introducing one into the family."

"If I only do what is consistent with a due regard for Jack's honor and happiness we shall never get blame from the mother," Polly said, brightly. And then she went to bed and dreamt that she was in the maze at Hampton Court, trying to find the clue that should lead her to something very beautiful but intangible, which represented Miss Walters and the "honor" of the house of Heyward.

CHAPTER V.

"I tell you what it is, Polly," the squire said to Mrs. Stephen Heyward the next morning, "even if you hadn't taken the tone you have, I should have hurried on events during your visit. I'm going to marry Jessie, and I may as well do it at once as by-and-by when her heart's grown cold from waiting; but you've been so sweet and sensible that I won't do a single thing now without consulting you. Come and see her first, that's the first step."

So Polly said she "would go," and Stephen was told she "was going," and the whole family turned out upon the lawn and looked after Polly's retreating figure, as upon a precious votive offering, short to be laid upon Miss Walters' shrine—a votive offering, a free-will sacrifice, but one made by the whole family for the honor, and glory, and general well-being of the family, be it clearly understood.

It was rather a pretty walk from the Manor House to Bannel at any time of the year, but especially it was pretty in the summer season, and it was in the fullness of the summer season that Polly and Jack walked it, bearing olive-branches towards Miss Walters. It need not be told that Miss Walters had been duly apprised of the honor in store for her at a very early hour of the morning. Accordingly she was in a most admirably unprepared state of preparation to receive the first representative of the family who had recognized her when Mrs. Stephen arrived at the school-house.

The successful beauty, who knew that she had won the game from the moment she heard that Mrs. Stephen was coming to call on her, was sitting reading a novel with rather labored interest when they entered the cottage. For a few moments she attempted to appear surprised at seeing Mrs. Stephen, but straightforward Polly swept away that bit of pretence by saying:

"I won't apologize for calling so early, because I know Jack sent down to prepare you for my visit, and he told me that this was the time I should find you free from your duties."

Jessie blushed at this allusion to her vocation, but came to the conclusion that she would not again try to take in Mrs. Stephen Heyward on any point on which the lady might be already well informed.

"I suppose Jack has told you that I am not going to perform those duties you speak of much longer, Mrs. Stephen," Jessie said jauntily. "Mrs. Farnival, our Rector's wife, you know, was thanking me this morning for giving any of my time to the school now that I am so much taken up with my own affairs," and then, rather to Jack's confusion and a little to Polly's surprise, the fair bride elect embarked upon the boundless sea of the subject of her new dresses—how and when she got them, and had them made, what bonnets and mantles she either had got or would have to get to match them, which dress she should "sit up in" to receive her visitors when she came home. All these and countless other interesting facts concerning her costumes she confided to the astonished lady, who was calling on her for the first time.

"I tell Jessie that her wedding gown is too grand altogether," Jack said hesitatingly.

"Not at all, Mrs. Stephen; not one bit too grand, Jack," Jessie said, flushing rather angrily at the idea of her Cophetua thinking anything too grand for his future queen. Then she went on to describe it and its train, and curiosa body, and wreath of orange blossoms, until Polly became perfectly bewildered between her efforts to grasp the description and understand the describer.

"No mind; a mere beautiful overdone doll, that's what she will be when she is Jack's wife," Polly thought rather sadly. At the same time she congratulated the Heywards generally that this new member of the family was at least free from the low scheming qualities which frequently characterize women of humble birth and position who attain a mighty end in matrimony.

"No. Decidedly I should say that she shows her cards too plainly to be a plotter or a cunning woman. There is comfort for us all in this fact, though she is terribly unrefined in thought and feeling."

This was the verdict given by Polly when she went back to the Manor House after her eventful visit, leaving Jack to one of those interrupted tete-a-tetes with the loved which are so dear to the lover.

"In fact, you mean that she's simply-minded but vulgar," Stephen said, and then he added something to the effect that "if Jack wanted such a woman at the Manor House he ought to have engaged her as a housemaid, and not have promoted her over the heads of his well-born, gently-nurtured mother and sisters."

"My dear Stephen, yours at present is

the blind utterance of prejudice; when you see her you will admit that nature has liberally endowed her with the power of taking what place she fancies, and of holding her own."

In time she will leave off wearing pale-blue silk dresses in the morning, and generally assimilate herself to the manners of the Manor House; meantime she has beauty."

"What's the good of beauty in a woman if she's badly bred?" Stephen asked discontentedly, and his wife laughed as she answered:

"What moral is in being fair? Never ask the use of beauty, Stephen; it's more than useful, it's bewitching."

But Stephen was inexorable, and could not be got to take a lenient view of the lady who was coming into the family to eclipse his own wife in point of position, and who at the same time was so utterly devoid of all social merit in his estimation.

There was rather a severe scene when Polly told her mother-in-law that, "considering all things, it would be wise and well for them to make the best of it"—a severe but on the whole a sensible scene; as his mother, Mrs. Heyward, was clearly in the right of it when she claimed to have some sort of knowledge of her son's nature, and some idea as to the fitness of a certain woman to fulfill the requirements of that nature.

"You're disposed to make the best of it, Polly," she said, "but guarded as your account of her is, I am sure she is vulgar."

"There were worse things than vulgarity in a woman, mother," Polly protested, with one of her prettiest pleading looks.

"I am sure," she continued, "that if Jessie is only treated properly and discreetly by us all, by every one of us, that she will be a relative we shall all learn to love very well in time, for she has splendid beauty and perfect health; and I'm sure she's without guile."

"You're not a Heyward born, or you wouldn't be so philosophical about it, Polly," the old lady sighed, and Stephen agreed with his mother that, perfect as his wife was in most respects, she had a vulnerable point—she was not a Heyward born.

"You Heywards born" will have to come down to my ignominious level, and make the best of her, for Jack's sake," she said merrily in answer to this, and the sisters agreed with her that to do so would be their wisest as well as their kindest plan.

But Stephen held out strenuously against this new element, and when Jack mentioned his wedding day to the family the mention met with a more favorable reception than he had anticipated from every one but his only brother.

"You don't say a good word to a fellow, Stephen," Jack said, and Stephen replied emphatically:

"I'll say the good word with all my heart when she's your wife, old fellow, but until she is your wife excuse me for harping the hope that you're going to reign as the free bachelor squire among us some little time longer."

"You ought to be too well pleased with Polly to say that."

"Polly's outside such a question as this that arises about Miss Walters, altogether, let me remind you," the young husband replied rather tartly. "Polly's my idea of 'the perfect woman, nobly planned'—"

"And Jessie is fit to match her," Jack cried. "Come, old boy, my marriage won't elevate the family, I admit, but, by Jove if the family is lowered by it in any way it will be their fault, and not mine nor Jessie's."

There was something almost grandly defiant in the way in which the rougher and more powerful brother rang out this sentiment into the ears of the less important and more refined one.

"And the family and you are one, old chap," Stephen said heartily, "so we'll have no more hints at shortcomings, and no doubts and half-spirited fears. If Jessie is only half as deserving as you think she is—well, she's worthy to reign at the Manor House, and to have our girls as her sisters."

"And our mother as hers. After all, 'the mother' is out and out the best of us, and we all know that, don't we, Stephen?"

"I should think we did, indeed. It's grand patronage to be given the power to fill out our mother's place."

"She'd make Polly her successor tomorrow," Jack cried, enthusiastically, and Stephen answered softly:

"But your Jessie will succeed her, remember that, old chap."

Continued next week.

LONG LICK.

The election is close at hand.

The weather is hot.

The candidates spoke at McDaniels yesterday. Dr. Pennington seems to be in the lead. Nearly everybody is for him in this vicinity.

Miss Lena Rhodes, of Meade county, is visiting friends and relatives in this neighborhood.

Miss Anna Cannon has returned home from Mr. Morino, where she has been attending school.

Master Jimmy Mattingly and two beautiful little sisters, of Mr. Morino, are visiting their grandma, Mrs. Cannon.

Misses Maggie and Lennie Rhodes, of Quality Corner, are visiting their numerous friends and relatives on Long Lick.

The crops in this portion of the county never looked better.

Wheat threshing is all the go.

The tobacco crop looks well. Some farmers are topping.

Mr. W. J. Owen cut down a bee tree a few days ago, and took therefrom eighty pounds of honey.

Success to the News. W. M. M.

A TWILIGHT IDYL.

R. J. BERNETTE.

On a summer evening, Mr. Ellis Henderson, one of our best young men, went out walking with two of the sweetest girls in town. They were nice girls—beautiful, accomplished and modest. And Mr. Henderson was a nice young man, too. He wore that evening a little straw hat with a navy blue band, a cutaway coat, a pair of light, white pantaloons, a white vest, a button-hole bouquet, and fifteen cents.

The evening was very warm, and as they walked, these young people talked about the baseball match, the weather, and sun-strokes. By and by one of the young ladies gave a delicate little shriek.

"Oo oo! What a funny sign!"

"Where? Where? Which one, Elfrida?" asked the other young lady eagerly.

"Ha—yes," said Mr. Henderson, in troubled tones, looking gently but resolutely at the wrong side of the street.

"There," exclaimed Elfrida, artlessly pointing as she spoke. "How funny it is spelled; see, Ethel."

"Why," said Ethel, "it is spelled correctly. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?"

"Hy—why—aw—why, yes, yes, to be sure," said Mr. Henderson very luckily, staring as hard as he could at the window full of house plants.

"Why, Mr. Henderson," said Elfrida, in tones of amazement, how can you say so. Just see, 'e-e, ice, or double e-m, cream,' that's not the way to spell cream."

"Oh, Elfrida," cried her companion, "you must be near-sighted. That isn't an e, it is an a. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?"

And Mr. Henderson, who was praying hard that he never pray before that an earthquake might come along and swallow up either himself or all the ice-cream saloons in the United States, he didn't much care which, looked up at the chimney of the house and said:

"That? Oh, yes, yes, of course, why certainly. How very much cooler it has grown within the past few minutes; the young man suddenly added, with a kind of inspiration, 'surely that cool wave the signal service dispatches announced as having entered this country from Manitoba, must be nearing us once more.'"

And he took out his handkerchief and swabbed a face that looked as though it had never heard of a cool wave nor even looked into the face of a man who had heard of one. He knew when he talked of its being cooler that his face would scorch an iceberg brown in ten minutes.

By this time they turned the corner and the appalling sign was out of sight. Mr. Henderson breathed like a free man.

"I always like to stroll along this street in the evening," said Ethel. "It's so lovely. My! just look at the crowd of people going in at that door. What is going on there, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson looked across to the other side of the street, as usual, and said:

"Oh, yes, that was Raab & Bros.' clothing house."

"Why, no, Mr. Henderson," exclaimed Elfrida, "that's an ice-cream saloon."

Ethel laughed merrily. "Do you know," she said, "I wondered what so many young ladies could want in a gentleman's clothing house?"

Mr. Henderson said, "Ha, ha! to be sure." And oh the feeble, ghostly tincture of mirth there was in his nervous "ha, ha."

It sounded as though a boy with the earache should essay to laugh.

"Is it true, Mr. Henderson," asked Ethel, "that soda fountains sometimes explode?"

Mr. Henderson, gasping for breath, eagerly assured her that they did, very frequently, and that in every instance, they scattered death and destruction around.

In many of the eastern cities, he said, they had been abolished by law, and the same thing should be done here. In New York the young man went on, all the soda fountains had been removed far outside the city limits and were located far in lonely meadows side by side with powder houses.

"I am not afraid of them," said the daring Ethel. "I don't believe they are a bit dangerous."

"Nor I," echoed Elfrida. "I would not be afraid to walk up to one and stand by it all day. Why are you so afraid of them, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson gnashed his teeth and secretly pulled out a great sheet of hair from his head in a nervous agony. Then he said that he once had a fair, sweet young sister blown to pieces by one of those terrible engines of destruction while she was drinking at it, and he had never since been able to look upon a soda fountain without growing faint.

"How sad," said both the young ladies, and then Ethel asked:

"How do they make soda water, Mr. Henderson?"

And while the young man was getting ready to recite a recipe composed mainly of dirt and poison, Ethel read aloud four ice-cream signs, and read on a transparent, "Lemon-ices, cooling refreshing and beautiful," and Elfrida read, "Ladies' and gentlemen's ice-cream parlors," twice, and Ethel looked in the door and said, "Oh, don't they look nice and cool in there? How comfortable and happy they do look!"

And then Elfrida said, "Yes, indeed. It makes the dusty street and scorching sidewalk seem like an oven, just to look at them even," and then young Mr. Henderson, who for the last ten minutes had been clawing at his hair, and tearing off his necktie and collar, and pawing the air, shouted in tones of wild frenzy:

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! Come in; come in and gorge yourselves. Everybody come in and feed up a whole week's salary in fifteen minutes. Set 'em up! Soda, ice-cream, cake, strawberry-cobbler, lemon-ice, and sherbet. Set 'em up! It's a ha! for me. Oh, yes, I can stand it. Ha, ha, ha! I am John Jacob Vanderbilt in disguise. Oh,

yes; it don't cost any thing to take an evening walk! Put out your frozen pudding! Ha, ha, ha!"

They carried the young man to his humble boarding house, and put him to bed, and sent for his physician. He is not entirely out of danger, but will probably recover, with care and good nursing. The physician does not know exactly what ails him, but thinks it must be hydrophobia, as the sight of a piece of ice throws the patient into the wildest and most furious paroxysms.

STORY OF TWO BRIDES.

Col. H. M. McCarty in Paducah Journal.

We tell this story to the readers of the Journal as it was told one afternoon in the seate lobby, to a deeply interested coterie consisting of Dick Wintersmith, Charley Woolley, John Finnell, O. O. Stanley and the veracious editor of this paper. The reteller of the story was Don Platt, then hands had just returned from the lunch room and were tapering off on cigars. How the subject of brides and bridegrooms came under consideration, and what suggested the strange story, we have forgotten—but Platt never told a story *mal a propos*, and never told one that was not true, for was he not an editor? We use his very words, so far as they can be recalled.

One summer evening, just as the sun was setting behind the rapids and making a golden pathway across the limpid waters, the steamer Arcosack, plying between the local wharves of the James river and Old Point, put on shore four persons, or, to speak to the card, two couples, and just married